should be admitted into society, much less have scores to the furtimery of home, no matter what social or intellectual advantages may embelieb and comme nd therm.

A Swedish Muster of the Pen.

A reader who strives to graduate, howa react:
mer roughly, literary work that is commonly
mird rate, now and then second rate, and
which too often, cannot be rated anywhere, tals himself perplexed and hushed in presence a sine performance. He cannot take refuge a saperlatives, for they have been worn to ogs in the blind service of advertising pubpairs. Nor can be fail back upon comparirekiess and impertment applications. In this comma he is fortunate, if in some roundabout and quite inadquate way, he can manage to ineste the height and sincerity of his esteem. such reflections wall doubtless occur to any one and takes up with listlessness, to perusa with sender and delight, a book entitled Roman page, translated by A. C. Clark from the swedish of Vikton Rypheno (Putnams). Before siming to define what manner of book

this is, we may give utterance to a feeling of surprise, not unreasonable, but likely for all that b be uppermost in a reader's mind-a surprise provoked by the vocation and the birthplace of ne author. Viktor Rydberg is now, and has been for a quarter of a century, an industrious carnalist employed in constant contribution to daily newspaper, the Gothenburg Shipping and Mercantile Garette, and no man conversant with tis calling would expect him to find time or stality for the production of works of art. It s, indeed, a kind of paradox that a so-called perarr back, a drudge and bondsman of me pen, should be able to expend more prereative energy on a by-work than on the trunk-work of his life. Such a phenomenon is rare, and few of the reported instances will bear sharp scrutiny, One incontestable example, however, we have hiely had in the creation of an admirable spic poem by the much-taxed editor of the London Telegraph; and others, scarcely less impressive, are offered in the achievements within the narrow field of finished and permapentliterature by the Swedish journalist. If he had written nothing else but "Roman Days"with his other writings we have not had the god fortune to gain acquaintance—he must have been promptly recognized, even by those who knew him only through the opaque medium of translation, as an adept in the art of mathetic divination and imaginative reproducun of the past.

ingofastonishment at receiving a masterpiece sinsight and expression from a contemporary Seeds, simply attests, or course, an ignorance suppalliated by the humility which the recoggitten of our cramped outlook should engender. To most Americans, and most Englishmen. brthat matter, the modern ornaments of Seandinavian literature seem to be quite unknown s, indeed, they are too much overlooked by every Continental nation, except the Germans awhom we are willing enough to pay lip sersee, but to whom we seldom render the hom ge of imitating their patient and wide-roving research. We need not say that the Swedish tongue might be more easily acquired by an English-speaking student, than High, or literary German, and such a foretaste as is given us in this book of Rydberg's may well dispose us to desire an acquaintance at first hand with his compatriot authors. We are too prone to take for granted that Swedish letters are in a state of decadence, that their golden age lies far away in the seventeenth century, when the brilliant daughter of Gustavus made Stockholm a species of Mecca to philosophers; or that at least it ended with the eighteenth century, when Swedes merited, alike by their culture and their refinement, the name of French men of the North.

That we should also experience a certain feel-

That part of the present volume which will rouse the most eager interest is the series of sketches entitled "The Roman Emperors in Marble." These portraits are at once studies in art, and in history-a criticism of the busts, and statues of the first five Casars being blended, and illumined, and completed by the most incisive and exhaustive knowledge of their lives and times. We can best describe the scope and charm of the writer's treatment by saying it is very much what we should have expected from Lessing, had the author of Laccon attempted to produce biographies of Ti-Nero with their effigies before his eres, and the text of Tacitus and Suctonius in his memory. There is the same prehensile, assimilative, conciliative, and reconstructive power over the diverse materials supplied by the sculptor and the annalist. There is a like mastery, too, over the arsenal of expression, the saffluence of epithet, metaphor, and imagery, coupled with the same firm control over the discursive fancy, and nice regard to the laws of literary form.

Ve shall venture on no quotations from Vikto: Rydberg's pages. We should almost as soon think of splitting off a sample fragment from a cameo, or lopping off a finger from a statue Each antique figure in his gallery stands forth with the clean outline and satisfying wholeness of sculpture. It is a thing of compacted, or, so to speak, organic beauty which must be seen and pored over in its proper niche and native atmosphere. Nowhere else within our knowl. eige have the structure and colors and spiritualcurrents of pagan society at a most artiflcial epoch been more vividly reproduced. With a grasp which resembles intuition, our Swedish author has contrived to resurrest the manners. the emotions, and the philosophies of a long past age, to repeople with pro-consul and parasite, with senator and freedman, with pedant and procurer the half-buried streets of Rome. and to track the lines of motive or the wasting scars of passion in the marble features of dead

## ALL TO BEAT HARVARD.

A Plan to Increase the Efficiency of Wale's University Crew. NEW HAVEN, Nov. 7 .- Last June's Yale-Barvard race at New London proved an eyeopener to Yale. It became apparent that Yale's thod was defective, and it was suggested after Yale's defeat that the alumni take some actio to bring about a better condition of affairs. met and agreed to ask the university to submit to athletic supervision, and at a university meet ing it was voted to authorize the President of the Navy and the President of the Foot Ball and Base Ball Associations to confer with gradientes and adopt the draft of a plan, to be submitted t the New York Yale Alumni Association for consideration. The New York association not having held a recent meeting, the draft was pre-sented to individual graduates, and was apbeing the factor meeting, the draft was presented to individual graduates, and was approach. To night the project eministed in the university meeting, it which it was voicities to so on the ground of the case of the graduates. Show the project eministed in the presented to the ground of the presented that the freshed and represent the undergraduates, allowing the same space of the same position of the freshed and that the graduate portion of the freshed and that the graduate so intended to the same position of the freshed and that the graduates allowing the committee shall make its own successions. The followed him to track a state of the Santon letter, now and that the graduates allowing the committee of the president flow was taking with Server that the freshed and the graduates allowing the president flow of the graduates. Allowing the president flow of the graduates allowed the graduates allowed the graduates allowed the graduates allowed the graduates of the graduates allowed the graduates of the graduates allowed the graduates of the graduates allowed the graduates of the proved. To-night the project emission ted in university meeting, at which it was voted to the resignificant advisory commutes, who as

A DAY WITH GREYHOUNDS ON THE KANSAS PLAINS.

Our saddled horses stood fastened to the hitening rail. The riders, in many costumes, not including the orthodox English one, stood idly in the shade, some smoking, others telling about jack rabbits they had chased, a few listening as though they had never heard the story before. A dozen gaunt hounds were nosing about, hungry, hunting for hens' nests, and never falling to eat every egg they found. The merry jingle of Spanish spurs, the whining of nervous dogs, the stamping of restless horses, and a low buzz of talk as to where we would hunt, filled the air. A cattle man (an ex-Confederate), who always wears a suit of gray jeans said: "Boys, I was shooting chickens on the divide between the Cottonwood and the Gypsum the other day. There is a right smart of jacks up there." "Good! Let us go there," all said. Calling to the boy who was to drive my wagon, I helped to load up. Putting in a ham, some bread, a keg of water, and all of our hounds, I directed him where to drive, and there to wait for us. He drove briskly off. We walked to our horses. Mounting, we started, but stopped at once to watch a broncho buck with his rider. Up they went four feet, down they came, the horse with arched back, hanging head, and stiff legs; the rider sitting loosely in the saddie. As the horse struck the earth the Spanish spurs were driven into his flanks, and the blood flow. Up and down they went and we whose horses did not buck, made critical and derisive remarks. The broncho was spurred and spurred again. It was of no use. He bucked the harder. The rider finally said: "This is getting slow Some one kindly get me a three-year -old club, and I will coax this beast to move forward. will make him pine for a change of scenery as it were." A club of the desired age was handed to him, and the broncho after receiving a few savage blows with it, seemed to realize that his rider had the best of the argument, and moved off in search of the new scenery.

We rode over the brown prairie, a laughing shouting group of horsemen. As the prairie chickens rose up before us with loud whirr of wings and many notes of alarm, we screamed at them, or, putting spurs to the horses, chased them. By dog-like barks we conxed the agricultural watchdogs to come out on the prairie and bark furiously at us. Then all of us, with a chorus of yells, would take after them, striking at them with our whips. Their deepmouthed barks of combat sought would give place to currish yelps of alarm, and by rapid flight they sought safety in the farmyards. So we rode over the prairie, with a strong south wind blowing in our faces, the dry grass rustling under us, the wild birds flying before us; all of us young, all healthy, all happy, all well mounted. Most of us had not seen a soul excepting our farm hands or herders for a month or six weeks. Is it wonderful that we got a little wild? We sang, we ran races, we yelled, until the practical agriculturists we passed were convinced that we eight were crazy or drunk.

We rode up the deeply furrowed, steep, hill side to the level land of the divide. Here, call ing our dogs from the wagen, we spread out, and, each of us accompanied by his own dogs, rode forward in line, forty rods apart. The dogs trotted slowly along, heads up and tails down, while the horsemen carefully watched for rabbits. A yell from the ex-Contederate in gray, and instantly the hounds sprung forward, and with eager eyes gazed in the direction of the cry. There they saw a jack rabbit jumping nimbly along in front of the horse of the yelling man. At once a dozen powerful hounds were in full pursuit. The rabbit at once saw that these dogs meant business, and stopping his playful capers began to run. He had probably been chased many times by curs, and apparently had no doubt of his ability to run away from any dog; but he was considerably astonished to find that this pack of grim, silent dogs, with outstretched heads were gaining on him. He redoubled his efforts. No use; the pack of yellow, blue, and white bounds drew nearer and nearer to him. His astonishment now gave place to the most intense terror, and he frantically endeavored to escape his fate. Behind the coursing dogs came a line of horsemen, all the horses on the full gailop, all the riders yelling like demonseach encouraging his own dogs, "Hie on! Yie! yie! yie! Catch 'im, Ponto! Catch 'im. To this excitement the cattlemen added bulllike bellowings. The fastest dog in the pack was on the rabbit. He made his offer for him. The jack turned like lightning. The empty jaws of the dog came together with a snap that sounded like the spring of a steel trap. In turning after the rabbit this dog was struck by another, and both rolled over and over on the grass. They got up bewildered, to find the rabbit some fifty yards away, and another dog ready to make a pass at him. It is made, and again the jack is missed; he turned aside, to fall into the laws of a pup. The shrill cry of the rabbit and the ound of his crunched bones is heard, and all is over. Some one dismounted, took the jack away from the dogs, and tied it to his saddle We rested our horses and breathed our dogs. All agreed that the jack had done well. He was praised as a mighty good rabbit.

Mounting, we reformed our line and role for ward. A vell from the right. A big jack was madly running there. All took after him, and as we ran four other rabbits got up in quick succession, and our dogs divided into parties of two and three. My pair of blue hounds were running together, and a hundred yards ahead of them a big jack rabbit was bounding along, Putting spurs to a powerful Pat Clayborne forse, and with a yell of encouragement to my hounds, away we swept, over hills, over the levels, down steep hillsides, jumping ravines. always at a full gallop, and faster and faster ran the rabbit. Resolved, as he was a good one o give him a chance for his life, I refused to ride ahead of the dogs and so turn him for them. If the hounds caught him they should do it fairly. The pace got too hot for the mack, and the dogs gradually gained on itm. They drew near to him, and separating, the dog made an offer for the flying anima. The rab oit dodged to the left, and fairly ran into the mouth of the bitch. She, overbalanced by the sudden weight in her mouth, turned a somersault and came down with a thud and a grunt on her back, but held the struggling rabbit fast in her long jaws. I tied this animal on my saddle, and seeing a ravine I called my dogs, and we went to the water. They rushed in, and sitting down in the cool fluid up to their shoulders, they bit into the drink, swallowing great mouthfuls of it; then lying down with only their heads out, half of their folling tongues dangling in the water, they cooled off. I, reclining on the soft grass by the bank of the pool, watched their jaws gradually close and their tongues slowly drawback in their mouths. When their jaws were closed, and they were

earnestly and bring our smiling flirtation to a

close, if possible. Cleaning the rabbits, I packed them in a basket, and, giving the driver of the wagon a note to my wife, asking her to roast the little beasts for our dinner, I sent the wagon home. Mounting, we rode slowly toward my favorite chicken ground. There we turned the hounds loose and hunted for the coyote; I found her in the high grass of a ravine. She looked up and smiled at me, as much as to say, "Is that you, Frank? Good afternoon to you, but I must be going. Fare you well, my dear;" and she trotted briskly off. I veiled, put the spurs to my horse, and a dozen hounds were in full pursuit instantly. We drove her across the creek, then up to the uplands, and what a blood-stirring ride we had! A big yellow hourd overtook the false creature, snapped at her flank and caught her. The coyote turned for fight, Fatal mistake, as the dozen long-jawed dogs were on her at once. Each had hold of her, and they formed a circle, the coyotes the centre, the hounds a living circumference that tugged and jerked savagely backward. The coyote was stretched to death in less time than it takes to tell it. After skinning madame we rode home. Roasted rabbits awaited us, and while eating them we arranged for a chase of gray wolves with our greyhounds at the ranch of the ex-Confederate in gray. So you see that agricultural life on the plains of Kansas is not without its exciting pleasures and compensations.

ADMIRAL BINNACLE'S OVERCOAT. And a Story About Another Man's Overcont,

as Told by a Taller. "This," said Admiral Horatio Binnacle, the venerable retired sea serpent who lives in West Seventy-seventh street, as he braced himself before the parlor fire last evening. " this is the kind of weather that makes a man think it's about time to get his overcoat out o the dry dock. I put mine in a few days ago for somewhat extensive repairs, so extensive, in fact, as to remind me of the manner in which they sometimes repair ships in the navy, when they take a splinter of an old ship into the yard and repair it into a

new vessel. "I had hoped this winter to have a new overcoat. We have heard so much of the prosperity boom that I thought perhaps it might take me in with the rest. The newspapers say that everything is booming, but yet we seem to meet very few persons who have actually encountered the boom. Now there is our slender but amiable and elongated young friend. Sylvester Skantlynne, who is to-night at the opera, he told me last night with great elation that he had just hit a bucket shop for thirty-four dollars and flity cents, the profits on a little turn be made in Gowanus Canal sixes. But who else do we know of? For myself, I have stood around where it would be perfectly easy for the boom to find me, but it doesn't come my way, and that's why I had to put the old overcoat in the dry dock again. in with the rest. The newspapers say that

that's why I had to put the old overcoat in the dry dock again.

This will be its fourth winter. The second winter I had a new collar put on. The third a new ining and new buttons. This winter it is to have a new collar, new bining, new buttons, new pockets, new binding, and a new loop to hang it up by. When I took it to my tallor he turned it over slowly from side to side for about three minutes. Yee-s, he said: 'yee-s. I suppose I can fix it up; but it reminds me, somehow, of a story about a tailor I once knew named Callaban.

han. ... What about him?' I asked. ... 'Why, you see, Admiral,' be said, 'Callahan had a customer once—an old sailor be was too—who had his overcoat repaired year after had a customer once—an old sailor he was, too—who had his overceat repaired year after year until there remained scarcely a thread of the original garment. One year he'd have a new collar put on; then a new lining; then new binding, buttons, pockets, new everything; and sometimes all these things at once. I think it was in the fourth winter, as Callahan used to tell me, that the old sailor had almost a new overceat built for what he called repairs, and Callahan thought surely he would never see that coat again; but the next winter the old sailor came in with nothing left but half a dozen buttonholes, and, as usual, he asked to have his overcoat repaired. Callahan was naturally a good-natured man, but this time he slid around behind his counter and crasped a big flat-fron, and as the customer came forward to explain wint he—well, the next overcoat the gentleman wore was a spring overcoat, for, you see, he was confined to his room all that winter, and his friends thought he had fallen in an apoplectif and hit his head on the curbstone.

Speaking of the boom, gentlemen," the Admiral continued, "I should say that its leading characteristic is shyness. It is not one of those booms that go around collaring peopleright and left, but it displays a curious, and I think you will agree with me, not always correct, discrimination. It may be that by next winter the boom will become more diffusive, more absorbent, as it were, and take us all in. If it does I shail get a new overcoat; if it does not, why, if if I have to put the old overcoat in the dry dock again, I don't mind mentioning to you that I shail take it to snother tailor."

Comparative Growth of the Three Great Geographical Divisions.

Some new and important figures, presenting the comparative growth of the great geo graphical divisions of the United States, are given in an article by Robt, P. Porter of Chicago, to appear in the November number of the Prince. ton Reciere. The writer shows that the growth in population of the Western States in nincteen years (since 1860) has been 7,902,632; that of years (since 1860) has been 7,902,632; that of the Southern States, 4,025,984; that of the Eastern States 3,808,706; the increase in the Western States being nearly 8,000,000, or equal to the aggregate increase of the Eastern and Southern States in the same period. According to Mr. Porter's figures, the number of hands employed in manufacturing in the Eastern States in 1850 was 696,661; in 1860,900,107; in 1870, 1.273,808; at the present time, 1,734,808; in 1870, and 994,512 at the present time; in the Southern States, 59,947 in 1850, 113,045 in 1860, 300,621 in 1870, and 994,512 at the present time; in the Southern States, 109,866 in 1850, 131,979 in 1860, 186,470 in 1870, and 258,389 at the present time;. The value of the main agricultural products in the three sections of the country last year was as follows:

year: Whis as follows: Eastern States—Corn. \$47,210,000. wheat, \$45,213,875, ants. \$47,721,000; hay, \$144,825,000; potation, \$47,000,000. Western States—Corn. \$225,128,000; wheat, \$58,002,805, ants. \$48,500,000; hay, \$40,215,500,000, wheat, \$58,507,800, Southern States—Corn. \$17,100,000, wheat, \$58,407,800, outs. \$10,238,000; hay, \$40,844,900, potatoes, \$5,190,300. The average value and yield per acre for the bree sections are thus summarized:

Average yield per acre in bushels—Eastern States—Corn, 35. wheat, 17. oats, 34.8 Western States—Corn, 31.4. wheat, 15.4. oats, 35.3 Southern States—Corn, 18.4. wheat, 9.7 oats, 19.1. Average value jer acre—Eastern States—Corn, \$24.05, wheat, \$15.05 coats, \$15.05. Western States—Corn, \$2.05, wheat, \$15.05 coats, \$7.92. Southern States—Corn, \$9.05, wheat, \$15.05 coats, \$2.38.

when \$11.00 and \$7.2 Sanhern States—Corn. \$8.10 when \$11.00 and \$8.38.

The local debts of these States in 1870 were: Fastern States, \$257,535,806; Western States, \$94.337,648; Southern States, \$93,730,129. The local debts at the present time, according to Mr. Parter's estimate, are: Eastern States, \$16.032,037; Southern States, \$136,032,037; Southern States, \$138,292,183. If the State debts are added, the three sections owens follows: Eastern States population 14,300,000, total debt, \$628,223,346; Western States, population 14,000,000, total debt, \$638,223,346; Western States, population 14,000,000, total debt, \$638,235,346; Western States, population 14,000,000, total debt, \$655,987,964.

Lincoln and Stanton. Prom the St. Louis Republican.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—I met Marshal Ward Lamon the other day, and in speaking of the Stanton letters published in the North Amer-ican Review Limoth's friend and biographer told me of the manner in which Lincoin hap-

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

From the Burlington Hankeys, John and Peter, and Robert and Paul, God in His wisdom created them all: John was a state-man, and Peter a slave, Roberts preacher, and Paul was a knave. Evil or good, as the case might be, White or colored, or hand or tree,
John, and Peter, and Hobert, and PaulGod in His wisdom created them ali. Out of earth's elements mingled with flame, Out of the scommonds of glory and shame. Fashioned and shamed by no will of their own. And helple selv into the lasticer dirawn; learn by the law their completions to be, Born to conditions they could not foresee, John, and Peter, and Robert, and Peulsdod in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State, was trusted and honored, was noble and great; Feror was made beach his a burdens to great, And never once dreamed that his soul was his own; Hobert areat giny and homor received.
For zenionely preceding what ho one believed; White Paul of the pleasures of an took his fill.
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

And gave up he life to the service of il.

It chanced that these men in their passing away
Front earth and its conflicts, all dies the same day.
John was mourned through the length and breadth
the land.
Peter rid! weath the lash of a weretiess hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue,
While Paul was convicted of unreler and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul—
God in His wisdom created them all.

Men said of the state-sman—"How noble and brave;"
But of Peter, alas: "He was only a slave;"
I'R dozer." "The well with his soul, it is well,"
While Paul they con-igned to the torments of hell.
For by one law. Brough all notire the same.
What heads them suffer, and who was to blame?
John, said Peter, and kelbert, rath Paul—
God in his wisdom created them all. Ood in his wisdom creases.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the son, or the birek man is as pure as the white
where the son, or the birek man is as pure as the white

Where the sain in the black man is as pure as that where the spirit, three sources in index wise No fencer resols a decention and hese four where the sain of source resolution. The tree down and furth of the God river soul, who shall be termine which change shall be fall John, or Feter, and Bobert, and Fault. John may in wistom and goodness increase, Peter rejoice in infinite peace.
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are from in the spirit and loss in the word,
And Paul may be blest with a holer birth
Than the payetons of men had allowed him on earth,
soin, and reter, and Robert, and Paul—
und in His wisdom created them ail.

Ballad of Past Delight.

From Landon Society. Where are the dreams of the days cone by. The hopes of hunor, the clanetine play
of free new famous that filed our ask y
Cared and halfall and roundeday.
Where are the cardands our voting hands twined
Little but a hornory, wellow way.
All clee filts past on the wings of the wind.

Where are the ladies fair and high—
Marie and Alice and Maud and May,
And merry Mades with the loughing eye—
And all the gallants of vesterday
That found in merry and held as gay!
Under the model we must look to find
Bone; and the others are were and gray;
All class flits past on the wings of the wind.

I know of nothing that lasts, not I, save a heart that is true to its love alway— A love that is wen with ear said sigh. And never chances or to less away.

In a breast that is oftener said than gay:

A tender look and constant mind—
These are the only things that stay;

All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

Prince, I counsel you, never sigh
For the loops that the years have left behind.
Look you have love when you come to die;
All else filts past on the wings of the wind.

Old Church Bells, From the Dublin University Magazine

Ring out merrily.
Leadily, cheerily.
Bithe old bette roun the steeple tower:
Hoperhily, feartuily.
Moveth the brile from her maiden bower Cloud there is none in the bright summer sky; San-hime fings be means down from on high; Children sing loud as the train mayes along, "Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily,
Neasure out wentry,
Sad oid bells, from the steeple gray;
Priests chaining lawly,
Sammy, Sawny,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day. Drops from the leader clouds heavily fall, Dropping over the plume and the pail; Murmur old fells as the train move in along, Happy the deal that the rain raineth on."

Total at the hour of trime,
Natin and Vesier chime,
Natin and Vesier chime,
Loved old be is rious the steeple high—
Rolling like hidy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer traught, into the sky. Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach; Stern is the preacting Four fron torgues preach; Ringing in the from the had to the bloom. Einging the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—
Peal as we pealed of yore.

Brave oil tests, on each Sabbath day:
In suistine and chadness.
Throught clouds and through sadness.

Bridal and burnar have both passed away. Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife; Tell us that death even leadeth to life;

Hints from the Unseen.

From Autograph Poems.
The grace of the bending grasses.
The firsh of the dawn like sky.
The seen that illusers mid passes.
When the lettering wind soes byAre guides and first of swe them.
From the unwent depths after.
The learn earlier of heavest's complete. The ham edge of heaven's completeness. Swept outward through flower and star

For the cloud and the leaf and the blossom, The shallow, the flex-ring gleam, Are warfs on the se collections Of beauty beyond our dreat Its glow to our earth i-given, It treshens this lower air;

Oh, the fathomics wells of heaven? The aprings of the earth rise there.

From the Specialier.

Ah! swan of elementations, dove of tenderness,
Jewes of journeys, rise
The little red lank, sike a rosy spark Jewel of purch, the a rows spara.
The little field left, the a rows spara.
Of some to his summer these
But till som are riven, earth he a prison.
Full of my callitive such as
Then wake, and discover to your fond lover.
The morp of your matchless eyes.

The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me: hark obt hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray,
And sentifying out of thy hiding.
Bazzle me with thy day?
And the Tallity to thee, singing, and sigh to thee,
Passein so sweet and zay.
The lark shall inten, and slewdrons glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

Alerked Parcettal Grayma.

Rhymes for Housecleaning Times. From the Cincinnetti Guartle.

One day as I wandered I heard a complaining,

Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble, ...
And leasury will indee and sickness will fiel:
And leasures like dwinder and rates they double,
And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There's too much of worrenent goes to a bonnet; There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt! There's nothing that gave to the time you waste on it There's nothing that's lasting out trouble and dirt. "In March it is mind, and slush in December.
The indominier brevzes are bailed with dust;
In fail the leaves liber-in minzey seriember.
The wall paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

There are worms in the clierries, and sings in the roses And suits in the surar, and into in the plea; The roll this of spines to contain aurposes. And rayshing roaches, and rounninging dies.

It is sweeping at six, and dusting at seven. It is victuals at widel, and disposal time; It is politice and panning from ten to eleven; We scarce brenk our fast till we plan how to dine.

With grease and with rime, from centre to centre, Forever at war not lorgiver abort. Nor et for a day less the enemy enter-I spend my whose he ma struggle with dirt. "Last hight, in my dramas, I was station'd forever On a bore little (see). the midst of the sea; My one chance of the ways a receive so endeaver To sweep off the ways story they swept over me.

Alas' twas no dream, for scain I behold it!
I vield! I am be please by take to avert!!

- She rolled down inc. sies ee, her apron she folded,
Then sie bay down and died, and - was buried in dire

Lenox Gallery.

From the Chicago Tribune.

If the dead, lying under the grasses, Unseen limits from the best it. Invent on what passes in the near to and a near they have left. What continues they have left, What continues they want to an action of the near to an extended and the strike. What is not not bely want to it due strike. When they we have we had, how we falter. If we we miss in the duries of tife.

If the great, who go out with their faces Rederived by a weeping within a tears, Standinger and an see how their clares. If the flate, which the maintained cheers, if the parent whose base is wendeduble. With delivers for riches and each choice and each at the model of the riches and a frouble About him before he is coul,

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow Refund for, betade down from above.
And the holds the four-drived us the morrow,
And the creations will be because it is the greatest and the results of the creations and room a succeeding to the creation of the state of the form of the creation of the because of the state of the wombi-

Brow sugating the first of her womb;

If the oil hear their early begotten
Relating that berickes are gone.

If the control that berickes are gone.

If the control that it was they are forgotten,
which the merit and the control that was a

Must sound through the chambers of spacel—
What decades eparthune Mannier of spacel—
What decades eparthune Mannier of
In that mysate and undescribed place!

Then Like was a trace with its burden.

And beath but a terrible lest.

But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon

Or silence and beautiful rest.

ELLA WARRING Hint for those in Prosperity. From the New Orleans Pintyuna. It is not enough to remember the poor.

THE LENOX GALLERY.

The Lenox Gallery is now open to the public, admission being obtained by cards, which the Superintendent, Mr. Geo. H. Moore issues on application. The latest addition to the collection is Michael Munkacsy's large pic ture of "Milton Dictating to his Daughter," in some respects that artist's greatest work, and certainly a picture of no little interest and importance. It was painted for the Salon of 1878, where it was awarded the Medal of Honor, and gained numerous distinctions and decorations throughout Europe for the artist. It subsequently went a sort of triumphal progress through the Continent, and everywhere elicited criticism of the most laudatory kind, particuarly from the more erudite and respected writers. These opinions have been collected into a thick pamphlet, and make somewhat interesting reading when taken with the subject of them, if only because they furnish so complete an opportunity of observing the different methods and purposes of what is supposed to be the best contemporary literary scrutiny and estimate of art. The highest tribunal of art in France has conferred its greatest distinction on the picture; it has created more stir in Europe than any one picture that has been painted in several years, and with such significant testimony to its worth and importance it naturally becomes a very precious and interesting acquisition for a pub lic gallery like that which Mr. Lenox has given

Munkacsy's first important picture, "Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné," is in this country, in the possession of a Philadelphia lady. His last Salon picture. "The Visit to the Baby, is in the gallery of Mrs. A. T. Stewart in this city. There are, besides, in American collections, at least four other notable examples of his work. As these pictures constitute the bulk of his more serious efforts, he would appear to have found, for some reason or other, an open market in this country.

The picture in the Lenox Gallery is a large

canvas, easily dwarfing, as far as eize is con-cerned, everything else in the collection. There are four figures in it, those of Milton and his three daughters; and the motive is suggested by the pleasant but now unhappily dispelled tradition of the share of those daughters in the production of "Paradise Lost." Milton is sitting

to New York.

in an armchair at the end of a table, dictating his immortal lines; one daughter is acting as his amanuensis, and the other two are disposed on the other side of the table; the one standing, the other at some embroidery. All three are shown listening intently and eagerly for a sentence yet unuttered, the poet's attitude and expression being indicative of troublous and intense mental concentration. The group is simple and graceful, and in the general treatment there is more simplicity and less eclecticism of material than one is accustomed to look for in Munkacsy's interiors. Ordinarily he errs in the direction of bric-a-brac and sumptuous fabrics and textures, but in this picture he has observed some self-denial, and confined himself to a bit of falence, and certain stuffs and upholstery, that are neither inadmissible nor unpleasing in their effect. As to the method of his treatment, it is the same that has won him distinction from the first; it is frank, di-

execution, and the attainment of detail through a perfect consciousness of it and an entire contempt for its technical elaboration. The color is admirable, full of a sombre and thoughtful significance, and expressing nits depth and reticence of light the great strength and har-

rect, and convincing; it shows a strong and seri-

ous individuality; great vigor and readiness of

mony of the picture.

Beauty of color and grace and delicacy of form appeal to Mr. Munkacsy's art with rare effectiveness, and there is always much to admire in the particular distinction of his style and in the refinement of his creations. At the same time he does not bring to the consideration of such a subject as he has in this instance chosen, those qualities of the imagination and that apprehension of opportunity for really lofty artistic expression, that are indispensable to the production of a work in which genius shall dominate over mere talent and refined cleverness. The result is that while his Milton has such admirable qualities as have just been indicated, there are an inadequacy of conception and a disparity between subject and treatment that make of it merely an episode of elevated commonplace. It is illustrative without inspiring, and interesting for causes of which it was intended that the effect only should have been felt and admired. One finds oneself, and

able sense of enjoyment, concerned with considering the means for lack of being able to dis-Precisely where Mr. Munkacsy sought his inspiration in betaking him to the task of painting a picture which should be commemorative of a great poet and the genesis of a great poem is not apparent. That he should have chosen the same model for Milton that he used for the principal figure in "Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné" would not appear to indicate that he particularly cared what sort of type he used as long as he could make him look like a Paritan and effectively fit the admirable black dress of the period. Nor do the other figures convey any evidence that his sources were any deeper or more spiritual than perhaps the essay of M. Taine. That authority would undoubtedly have been ample for his purposes, supposing that his assumption of artistic license made him disregard the more unpleasant facts of domestic history there disclosed, and adhere to the kindly office and gentle coloring of tradition. Even then he has conceded something to the later knowledge that we have, for he has made of the daughter that is writing an obvious

not, it is true, without a distinct and appreci-

good news she could hear "would be that of her father's death " Nevertheless, it is a most clever and interesting picture, and, in view of the purposes fo which it has been hung in the Lenox Gallery, one that contains not a little to instruct and to inform.

shrew-one that might have said that the only

Of other contents of this collection much might be said on account of the variety it affords, and the opportunity that it confers of studying the work of Turner, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Gainsborough, of Constable, and of other artists whose names are conspicuous landmarks in the history of English art. That it is opened to the public at a time when many people are turning their attention to such subjects, and seeking to know of these masters through the things that have been written of them, is a matter to be highly prized. The opportunity will undoubtedly be extensively availed of. Mr. Ruskin is a classic to himself in the literature of English art. There must be many of his renders here that have longed to see something nearer to Turner than an engraving from the Liber Studiorum, and they can be easily and thoroughly gratified at the

A Story about Squaw Susan. From the Chicago Tribune. MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 29.-Major Simeon

MILWAUEEE, Wis., Oct. 29.—Major Simeon Whitely of Ragine, formerly an Indian agent to the Utes, comprising what is now known as the White River Agency, says that some time ago, when agent, while on his way to the Hot Sulphur Springs, in Middle Park, Col., he was overtaken by a messenger from Gov. Evans, who informed him of the resence of a Ute squaw from the Araphones and Cheyennes by the officers of the United States army, at Fort Collins, Co., The Indians had captured this squaw in a raid, and, while encamped near the mouth of the Caches La Poudre, had determined to burn her at the stake. The commanding officer at Fort Collins, hearing of this, took a detarmment of troops, and, by alternate threats and promises, obtained her release, after site had alternady been tred to the stake and the fires lighted. This squaw was forwarded to Major Whitely, and after her arrival at Hot Springs Col. was sent by him to her becope, being accompanied by U. M. Curtis, the Major's interpreter, and delivered to them after a journey across the western portion of Colorado into the border of Uah, to the camp of the Indians on Sinke River. She was received with every demonstration of joy by the tribe. Major Whitely gave this squaw the name of Susan, which she has borne ever since. This was Ouray's sister, who recently displayed so much kindness and affection for the Mesker women, and through whose interposition, doubtless, their lives were saved. A remarkable coincidence in this story is that its the identical spot where Susan herself was saved from burning by the whites.

OSTRICH FARMING.

How the Plumes are Obtained which Adors the Hats of Wenlthy Belles, From the Hartford Times,

magnificence were it not for the ivory, the diamonds, and the ostrich feathers, which take high rank in the merchandise of South Africa. Ostrich feathers are now quite as much the product of regulated human labor as wool, mohair, or silk. Twelve or fifteen years ago ostrich farming was unknown here. To obtain its beautiful and much-coveted plumage the bird was hunted down and killed. Under this

Colony monthly—or about \$4,000,000 worth per year.

Two Americans have intely been here looking into the business, with a view of introducing the ostrich into the United States. One farmer here, a Mr. Douglass, rented from six breed line birds four hens and two male birds 100 birds in one year. The eggs were hatched by an artificial incubator. They should be worth, over all expenses, at least \$9,000.

THE CHINESE LITERATI. Ambitions Youths of the Celestial Empire Qualified for Statesmanship. From the Celestial Empire.

The education which qualifies a Chinaman of to-day is in all its greater bearings tracesery that of say a thousand years ago. There are the twenty short chapters, containing almost all that is authentically known of the life and teachings of Confucius; there are the works of Mencius in seven sections compiled in much the same manner as the preceding, with a view to set before the world the sementicus utterances of these great ethical teachers of antiquity; and further, there are two abstruss philosophical treatises, which, with the abovementioned more lengthy works, go to make up that portion of Chinese literature known as the Four Books. When these have been learned by heart, the student proceeds to commit to memory, in like manner, as much as resible of what we valigarly out the Free Chassies, consisting of the Book of History, which deals with a period extending from something like B, C, 2300 to B, C, 700; of the Book of Chances, in which a system of philosophy is based upon the permutations of a given number of unmeaning symmosis of the Book of Petry, which may be said to currest only in the productions of the Book of Petry, which may be said to currest only in the production of the Book of Ries, in which a system of philosophy is based upon the permutations of a given number of unmeaning symmosis of the Book of Petry, which may be said to currest only in the Petron of the Book of Ries, in which official etiquette and court ceremonial are treated with an impracticable minuteness; and hostly, of The education which qualifies a Chinaman David: of the Book of Rites, in which official ctiquette and court extremental are treated with an impracticable minuteness; and histly, of Spring and Autumn, an historical work from the pen of Confucius himself, resording the chief events of the same's native State for about three centuries previous to his own time. These are the works which candidates at the public examinations are supposed to have at their fingers' ends, though sometimes they only have them up their sieeves in the more tunnible form of a diamond edition. Along rate, the success or failure of a candidate is made to depend upon the ability he displays in cluid depend upon the ability he displays in cluid the skill with which second throw off a copy of verses, correctly rhymed and accented, and teeming with elegant and appropriate allusions to the past.

It will readily be conceived that, in view of the nature of the test before him, the candidate

It will readily be conceived that, in view of the nature of the test before him, the candidated does not confine himself to a mere parried to not confine himself to a mere parried knowledge of the classical texts upon which he will be examined. He pures over tome after tome of commentary and other executival and, comparing the conclusions of the scholars who fourished at various literary species, and interpreted the difficult passages, each more or less in accordance with the spirit of the age in which he lived. He reads volume after volume of the ponierous histories of Sze MacKwang and Sze-MacTshen, and lingers over favorite posts and essay writers in the hope of all rating to himself something of the inspiration which secured them success and carried them on to fame.

fame.

The knowledge that is really useful is invariably gained afterward. The Chinese official begins hie with a stock in trade which would better ift him for a pe-bagogue; the imman acquaintance with men and their motives which so often distinguishes the statesman is which so often distinguishes the statesman in his later years, is plexed up in the arena of public business, and not derived from books. His mind is doubtless qualified for that is mindereceptive of the practical knowledge of readilife by the course upon which he has been trained; but as a set-off against this he imbibes, with his learning, a sourt of fixed and immutable principles, and a firm belief in the superiority of the past over the present, both of which cling about 10m and cheumber him through the whole of his official career.

Against Uln. Any Way. From the Gole, Donorest

He had on his head an old Greeley hat, which looked as if it had been run through two or three raftles and put up for a largest at a com-try fair. A faded duster had whipped into frings against his shims, and his shint collar was cut low in the neck. He admed at the pur-celair campadors with a mouthful, but it releases the nark and left a stain on the Axonaster on the floor. His beaute was folled around, and then he broke loose:

the floor. His behaue was rolled around, and
then he brooke loose;
"What's the telegraft office?"
He was directed to that institution on the corner of Taird and Olive sizeds.
"I mean," he said, "the newspaper office whar
the telegraft comes in."
"You mean the telegraph editor?"
"Yes; the felier that gets the 'lecshun by telegraft."

LIFE IN AN ITALIAN PRISON.

The Way in which the Welfare of Convicts is Looked After.

From the London Dully Ness.

Even under the conditions of penal servituate for life the convet in an Italian prison has much to solace him. Come with me to the vast prison of Civita Vecchia, and let us see how the criminals there get through the twelve hours. Though not so unexceptionally clean and tidy as our great county prisons, the "bagno," as it is called, of Civita Vecchia is awapt and garnished to a degree undreamed of even in middle-class Italian houses. The criminals (not including those who endure solitary confinement) lead lives of tuxury-compared, at least, with what a majority of them have been accustomed to. Certainly, their lot might be envied by many a herdsman or ploughman of the adjacent Campagna.

The obliging superintendent will conduct any From the London Daily Nests. CAPE COLONY, Sept. 20,-The courts of fashion would be stinted in their materials of

including the souther was fast approaching and the beautiful and much-coveted plumage the bird was hunted down and killed. Under this process the opticity was fast approaching and approaching and the process the opticity was fast approaching and approaching and the process the opticity was fast approaching and approaching approaching and approaching approaching and approaching approaching and approaching approaching approaching approaching approaching and approaching approa

"Cause I ain't got no call to," replied the old gentleman in some surprise.

"Did you ever sneeze. George?"

"Did you ever sneeze. George?"

"Did I evan sneeze?" cried the astonished Mr. Jackson. "Well, you heah me, sah, dis ole hern o' nine is a snorter when it has business on hand."

When it was communicated to Mr. Jackson that the press of the country was asserting that the African nose is deficient in steriutatory power, he seeded at such a libel on his race, and to show how groundless it was be hobbled out of the berrer shop and returned with a princh of sauff, which presently resulted in an explosion that created an impression in the neticilistic shood that some old machinery was being broken up with grant powder cartridges at the Con. Virgina works.

"But shows what youan noospapabs mount to," said Mr. Jackson as he wiped his eyes. Then he requested the reporter to look upon the back of hes conliders kinand.

"See heah," he said, flapping over the knotty old paw and disclosing the lung-colored palm, winh is the science man dat kin explain dat finounnum?" inquired Mr. Jackson, proudly, and he firther confided to the reporter the picasing fact that the soles of his feet presented the same inexplicable poullarity. He also related a test that had been made in St. Louis some years ago of the blood of a white man, a negro, and a builow, which had resulted in the utter confounding of scientists, who had been node to discover no difference between the fluid head in his statements with a fluid sneeze, when a mused a man being shaved to jump up

condemed all his statements with a flual sneeze, which caused a man being shaved to jump up in his chair and cut a gash in his jaw against the razer.

"Dar's blood for to prove what I sez." was the pleased observation of Mr. Jackson.

mon Sense complains of the noise the church bells make. The word a Christian at heart, he would not make If he were a Christian at heart, he would not concluding for it is an old traditional castom with the Christian Courch, this caims of the goulde to worship. To the second e inplant, the hard work of the bell ringers, is invested the rank that the bell to the honor and give to first, in another hore hard the work, will meet with its last exward hereafter, for this world is only a valley of bars, a preparation for the next world, and we have been all the creeks, this tribulations, and hard work nationly. The bell inners are believe to spread the creeks, this is a hold work, if it is hard. Hoseks, Oct 20.

FASHION NOTES. Ribbed velvet is much worn. Scalskin ringe is a late novelty. Bridal wreaths are in diadem form. Painted gauge ball dresses will be worn.

Paniers are rarely seen on Paris dresses.
The "umbrelin" is the latest large bonnet.
The most sen slar somet is the Directors.
The long dolman is the clock of the season. English waiking bekets will be worn again Victim of P. cuvian camel's tur is a inveity. Trains are of various lengths and dimensions. Two sizes of buttons are used for most costumes. Seabkin continues to be the fur most in demand.
The insistemable leather tuit is the Prince of Wales.
Three cornered neckerchiefs have the points rounded.

Bridal veils are now in the shape of the Spanish man-It is now fashionable to border mourning handkerchiefs with these lace.

Teatra furthering, a rare novelty in black frosted fur is again in the market. Small sheled estrain tips are worn on colored shot velvet and satisfications.
Feather rome and positive of dyed goose feathers are prefer and apparate may have him.

Lives hade are worn in the French provincial towns, but in Paris small hats are preferred. Soil kin will be ourn by all ages, from little children of their below every of trainty, this will be Bank sea dorses are usually combinations of faille and salls, while per little country passementaries. It is the following wines understates chemist bedies are well in the hard and outside of evening bouncts. Soft hill side upon used no logod fichins had in bias for all year with plain how a righer thind dresses. The sample had how and earlier third desses. Software has are a later than were with the sample. B as which the seminant wors this winter on account to be contral use of fur bands and immigs on wraps of seconds. The Particular name for shirring is confess, while the Eng-jet beauting the same kind of ornamentation is gauged, collection of drawn.

Parision because come to us with the bandeaux and the late leavester of the losse that bears his name. I have been known wherever damasses of time a straw planer An Lamperor mother personal hunterfy with a chesille bely and rest except as wises resting on a bounct of

He was directed to this institution on the corner of Taipl and Only expects.

"I mean," he said, "the newspaper office what the telegraft comes in."

"You mean the releasanthed tor?"

"Yes, the felier that gets the became by telegraft."

He was referred to the desk of that functionary, and went to him.

"Be you the the telegraft?" he asked.

He was answered as becomes a Christian man.

"Did you hear anything from 'Hie by the telegraft about the best and only the last and the best as the control of the desk of that functionary, and went to him."

He was told that Onit had gone Republican.

"You don't mean it?"

"Paster's in."

"Un's out; got loft?"

"Exactly"

"Well, I'm durned. Shake. You know I ust to live in Hie and the control of the country of the months of the country. To show what I mean the control of the country. To show what I mean the control of the country. To show what I mean the control of the country. To show what I mean the control of the country. To show what I mean.

The Mineral Tale Remarks that a retail military as the said and a white in the sale of the country of the country. To show what I mean the country of the country of the country of the months of the country. To show what I mean. He took all the country of the months of the country. To show what I mean. He took all the country of the months of the country of the months of the country. To show what I mean. He took all the country of the months of the country of the months of the country. To show what I mean.

holdin' the bunner here then, and I was one of the men he sent out of the country. To show what I mean. He took all the catter, and I had was in the men he sent out of the country. To show what I mean. He took all the catter, and I had to walk out and the wakin was mighty town pullin. Theilyon, I've come in here from the Mary de Zeen to hear how Um made it as no Dimyerat. If he's a goner, as you say, Mister, and I am within to bleve you, put me down to a boom. I don't know what a boom is, but I'm willin to take one on this. You kin put I the pard, and betyer everiestin boots that I'm nor Grant as agin eny Demyeracy that'll high onto sich as Uin. Show me the way out and I'd break somethin up before daybreak, by the eternal."

He went out with a whoop and a yell.